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CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XVII

"Helen!" he whispered, as he leaned over and kissed her cheek. "Helen, are you ill?"

"Will! It was burnt. Will!" she cried, starting up, and looking wildly around her. "Oh, Walter! I am so glad you are here at last. I have had a frightful dream."

"Helen, you are ill, I fear. What means this unwonted confusion;—have you been out, and just come in? What is the meaning of it all—and what is this?" he said, while he stopped down to pick up the crystal facon which had dropped out of its case on the floor.

"Dear Walter, don't open it, for the world! It is a cosmetic. I am too white, sometimes, and touch my cheeks with it," exclaimed Helen, starting up; "do give it to me."

"No, Helen; my wife must be real in all things. I do not approve of artificial coloring; so, to save you from temptation, I shall put it out of your reach!" replied her husband, throwing the facon out into the street. A lean, hungry dog, prowling about in search of food, rushed to the spot—hoping, no doubt, that it was a morsel from the rich man's table—but no sooner had his nose touched the spot, then, uttering a loud howl, he fell dead.

"Helen! explain this mystery!" he exclaimed, grasping her hand, and drawing her to the window. "Are your cosmetics all poisons as deadly as that?"

"Walter! this is horrible! Poison? Why, Walter, it might have killed me!" she gasped, hiding her pallid face in his bosom.

"Helen, answer me, by the love and trust I bear you, did you know that the contents of that facon were poisonous? Look up, dear Helen, and answer me, yes or no."

"No, Walter—on my honor, no. You have saved me from a horrible death," she replied, raising her head, and looking, with a strong effort into his eyes.

Thus was Helen driven, with scourges, by her task-master, the great tempter of souls, into slough after slough, from which, there was but one escape, and that lay through a rugged way, called Repentance. But repentance, to her vision, was like a shoreless ocean, or a fierce deity to whose exacting nature she must sacrifice all that she held dear on earth, or perish. But her husband's love and esteem—her ill-gotten riches—her position—her luxuries! Could she live without them? If she could repent without making restitutions she would. But she well knew that such repentance would be fruitless. And thus, while to the world, she moved calmly in her proud beauty, and was envied by the miserable, for the apparent happiness and splendor of her lot, a fierce beast was tugging at her heart-strings, more savage than that which tore the vitals of the boy of Laodæamon. It was remorse.

"Helen!" said Walter Jerrold, calmly, "have you any grief or mystery hidden from me, my wife? I am like a helpless child, now in your hands; you may deceive me, and triumph in your concealment—but do not—do not, Helen, for God's sake, do it. Open your whole heart to me. I love you well enough to lift the burden, if there be one, from it, to my strong shoulders; and if—if—if—you have ever erred, let me hear it from no lips but your own."

Helen would have cast herself at his feet and told him all, but she feared he would spurn her—she longed to deserve the love of his manly and honest heart, but too weak, too much a coward, she shrunk from the agony and peril of a confession of her guilt. And Jerrold! was he not made to expect to find a true and loving spouse in one who had cast off her allegiance to God?

"You are mistaken, Walter. Really, you have made quite a scene! I fear that you are romantic! For, really except when my nervous moods come over me, I am not aware that there is any thing unusual in my conduct. I am excessively nervous and excitable. I was dancing all night. I went with your mother to Mrs. Woodland's ball, which was a most brilliant affair. It was after

two o'clock when I came home. You may be sure I was tired. Then I concluded to give you a little surprise by waiting up for you; and, as I looked very haggard, took out that precious cosmetic to tint my cheeks—all, dear Walter, to welcome you; but I was too much fagged, and went off into a sound, vulgar sleep!" said Helen, going to her toilette-table to adjust her hair, while she laughed as if the whole thing had been an amusing adventure. "It will learn you to run off again," she continued.

"Well, well—perhaps I am exacting; but understand one thing, Helen about me," said Walter Jerrold, gravely, "I can bear with, and forgive errors—but deception, never."

"Walter!" said Helen, reproachfully, while tears suffused her fine eyes.

"Forgive me, Helen, if my words grate on your feelings. It is best for married folk to understand each other's peculiarities as early as possible. Shall I ring for Elise, for you are tangling and tearing your hair to pieces?"

"If you please. I will soon join you, if you will tell me where to find you," she replied, with assumed composure.

"At the breakfast table, I trust," he said, pleasantly; "I am thirsting for a cup of mocha, after my long journey."

"I suspect you will find it ready. I ordered them to have it ready early;—but see, Walter! have you any special engagement this forenoon?"

"Nothing very particular after ten, Helen. Why?"

"Why, you know that Matinees are all the rage now. I hold my first one to-day. —All the world have promised to come!"

"You don't want me, then?" he said, laughing.

"Of course I do. It will look proper for you to be present at the first. People can't be ill-natured then. I've heard a great many queer stories about the Matinees."

"It is well to be prudent in these fashionable follies, Helen—touched some of them with gloves on. I do not like this new style of thing, but if it's the fashion, we must fall in. I'll come, provided there is no scandal and high play," he said, laughing.

As the hour for the Matinee approached, Helen's drawing rooms presented a coup d'oeil of splendor and elegance. Daylight was carefully excluded; and alabaster lamps threw a soft, moon-like radiance, through flowers and garlands, over the scene. The costly mirrors, the magnificent furniture, of the time of Louis le Grande, the lofty, frescoed ceiling, the exquisite statuary, and rare paintings, were all in fine keeping with each other, and gave, what an artist would call, tone and harmony to the scene. Attired in white crepe and pearls, Helen had never looked more lovely; and of all who crowded with compliments around her, there was not one to rival her. Group after group of the beau monde made their way to the head of the room, where she, with her high-bred worldly air, received them with a smile and pleasant passing words.

"Your Matinee is the most brilliant of the season, Mrs. Jerrold," said a fashionable old lady, with a dowager air—such a one as we meet with constantly in society, who, tangled up in lace, false hair, and a modish style of dress, look like old fairies at a christening, and who impress the young and inexperienced by their affected zest that the fleeting pleasures of life are immortal. "Your matinee is really splendid! Such a fashionable company—so much beauty—really, it reminds me of old times. But, my dear creature, do you know there is the greatest sensation in town now about religion?"

"How?" asked Helen, smiling.

"The Romanists are holding something they call a mission at the cathedral, and really, I am told, that the performances are very impressive. It is quite the fashion to go for an hour."

"It is never considered oute to go to the Cathedral, as the very elite of our society are Catholic, and attend there; but entre nous shall you go, Mrs. Jerrold?" observed a lady near them.

"Yes," continued the dowager, with a spiteful air; "and very few parvenues amongst them. Most of them sprung from something better than low tradespeople."

"Granted. No doubt they enjoy their pedigree as much as I do the substantial fortune my grandfather acquired by trade," said the lady, pleasantly. "But, Mrs. Jerrold, the

music is fine, the preacher superbly eloquent, and everybody goes there now instead of attending the opera!"

To be continued.

PRIEST UPHELD

Allegations Against Father Szadziński "Calumnious, Grossly Exaggerated and Childish" says Bishop McQuaid.

At the services in St. Stanislaus Church Sunday the following explanatory letter was read:

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1905.

Rev. Dear Father—After the scandalous proceedings at St. Stanislaus's parochial schoolhouse yesterday (Sunday, August 20th) I feel it my duty no longer to be patient with the misguided parishioners of St. Stanislaus, who by their lawless and barbarous conduct of the past four months have become a byword in the mouths of all enemies of religion, a stumbling-block to many and a cause of blushing shame to every true Catholic in Rochester and in the whole country.

My long patience was founded on the supposition that much of the opposition to you had its origin in the ignorance of the people with regard to your rights and in their incapability of comprehending the legal methods sanctioned by the law of incorporation of churches, enacted by the state of New York for the holding of church property. Much less have these disorderly recalcitrants any comprehension of the civil rights guaranteed to the priest as a citizen; nor are they aware of the ecclesiastical penalties of excommunication incurred by those who strike a priest or throw stones at him in anger, as was done last Sunday.

Of all the charges brought against you by these disturbers of the peace of the parish, some were calumnious, others grossly exaggerated, and yet others childish. The most serious accusation had reference to the financial affairs of the congregation. Yet here was where you were strongest. Your financial report showed correctness and fullness of statement as to receipts and expenditures. The church money was used economically and in accordance with the laws of the diocese. The annual report of January 1, 1905, showed no indebtedness of any kind and a surplus of nearly \$3,000. Anyone that accuses you of dishonesty or misappropriation of church funds should be prosecuted by you as a base and willful calumniator, and, if convicted, punished to the full extent of the law. It is time to put an end to these lies and calumnies.

The appointment of church collectors belongs to the pastor and the two lay trustees. For some time I could not understand why the malcontents, members of six semi-religious and semi-military and national associations with which the church is afflicted should be so insistent that the naming of these collectors should belong to them and not to the regularly constituted trustees of the church. It was only on learning that these six semi-religious and semi-military and national associations had passed a resolution that any member of said organizations placing on the collection plate one cent should be fined two dollars for the crime of fulfilling a religious obligation for the proper support of their church organization. This resolution is illegal, and is of no binding effect. Any member disregarding it and refusing to pay the fine could carry his case into the civil courts if an attempt was made to enforce the law by expelling the member from the organization.

Any of the above associations refusing to rescind from their by-laws this unjust, immoral and tyrannical edict will have to be excluded from its standing in the church as a church organization.

We now know who are the leaders of the riotous and despotic element in the church. Some are careful not to show their hand openly, but urge on their silly dupes to make use of every opportunity to start a row and disturbance. A reign of despotism and lawlessness has been inaugurated and the sooner it is ended the better.

It is necessary for all to understand that interference with religious worship is a misdemeanor punishable by the law. The church and the parochial schoolhouse are under the control and management of the trustees. They will have to see that due order is maintained in both and that the breakers of the peace in either are brought before the courts for punishment.

Toward all who continue by their turbulent conduct to disturb religious discipline and worship, I will see that the necessary spiritual penalties of excommunication and interdict are applied. Those who do not like the pastor can go elsewhere to church, but while attending at St. Stanislaus they will have to be orderly without interfering with anyone's just rights.

The courts and the police will see to it that the law is properly enforced and that offenders, men and women alike, are dealt with according to the law. I say women as well as men, because some of the latter, too cowardly to put themselves forward in the power of the law, urge forward the women to raise the row in the hope that being women they may escape.

The malcontents have had much to say about appeals to Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Symon and the apostolic delegate at Washington. The last is the only one of the three who has a right to entertain such an appeal. The other is the metropolitan of New York. I state these facts for information's sake.

The talk about the cardinal is amusing when it is a matter of newspaper notoriety that in November the cardinal was himself shut up in the pastor's house in Baltimore by an infuriated mob of Poles, and was rescued by a platoon of policemen, who between their ranks escorted him to his carriage.

My experience in church affairs goes back to the days when immigrants began to come in large numbers, and it often happened that at various times contentions in church matters arose among the various nationalities rushing into the country, yet there never was anything to compare with these Polish rows and conflicts.

Yet we know that most of the Polish immigrants are loyal sons of their church generally beyond most others, but unfortunately easily led astray by designing leaders. These leaders are frequently members of secret organizations, and not disposed to listen to church authority. Others want to pose before the politicians as controllers of many votes.

What you want is to get rid of both classes. Your congregation will be better without them. Peace and harmony will again reign in the parish. In all these troubles you must be firm in maintaining your rights and careful to keep within the prescriptions of the law. In obtaining information be sure to have all your facts correctly stated and proved.

This letter will explain much to others, Catholics and non-Catholics, and, I hope, a gross scandal that has already lasted too long.

I take this occasion to express publicly my indignation at the shameful way in which you have been treated and my sympathy is with you in your sufferings.

Very sincerely in Christ,

† B. J. McQuaid.

Five Minute Sermon

The Good Samaritan.

The Samaritan represented Jesus Christ, and mark well the circumstances. The Samaritan was passing by the place where the wounded man lay: he is moved to compassion and he approaches him to treat his wounds and to help him in any other way. It was the same with Christ; He was a true Samaritan, the eternal Guardian, the Saviour of men, a stranger to us before His incarnation, like unto us with the exception of sin, and separated from sinners. He became a pilgrim and dwelt among us by becoming man; He looked with compassion on the human race, prostrate on the earth and covered with wounds, and He undertook the great task of healing and restoring it to life.

Jesus having completed the work of redemption, left this world, ascended into heaven, and will return at the end of the world. In the meantime, we are confided to the priests, His ministers, and they in His name must provide for our eternal welfare. But if they, in the discharge of their duties, do more than what they are strictly bound to do, they will receive an especial reward from Christ on the day of judgment, when he will return to this world to punish the wicked and to reward the good for all they have done, the former against Him, and the latter for His glory.

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A DAY TO HONOR.

The Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The 8th of September brings us the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. On it the heart goes out in love to her as we recall all that day brought to poor fallen man, for then was realized the fulfillment of God's promise that He would put enmity between Satan and the woman, between his seed and her seed, and that she would crush his head. To understand the great present that in her God bestowed on the world we must consider her transcendent dignity and the singular privileges by which she was distinguished above all other pure creatures. Her dignity is expressed by the evangelist when he says that of her was born Jesus, who is called the Christ.

From this text alone is that article of Catholic faith sufficiently evinced, that she is truly Mother of God. In the incarnation the human nature of Christ was assumed by and hypostatized—that is, intimately and substantially united to the person of God the Son, so that the actions done by this nature are the actions of the Divine Person, whose assumed or appropriated nature this is. Hence we truly say with St. Paul that we are redeemed by the blood of God and with the church; that God was born of the Virgin Mary, suffered and died on the cross, all which He did in that human nature which He had wonderfully taken upon Him.

The day of our Blessed Lady's birth was the brightest this world had seen and was only surpassed by the day on which her Divine Son was born. Let us then as each recurring feast comes round congratulate anew our Virgin Mother and congratulate ourselves. She is the new Eve. Let us be by grace her regenerated children. While honoring her nativity let us in spirit be born anew with her and determine to be her worthy children and merit her love and care by leading humbly, holy and immaculate lives in correspondence with the grace she will obtain for us.—Church Bulletin.

The Value of Kindness.

Here is something of which we can get a great deal for almost nothing. It is very, very cheap and yet very valuable in the eyes of all around us. What we can get so cheaply is inward happiness, and it costs only a little kindness.

"With kindness," says a holy man, "we have the power of making the world happy," at least our own little world, and if each and every one of us would use this power we would make the whole world happy, and then how different living on this earth would be. Unhappiness comes, chiefly from the way we act toward one another. Kindness would remedy all this were it allowed to rule our thoughts, words and actions. No habit is so easily formed as the habit of kind thinking; then kind words and kind actions naturally follow. Kindness is giving to others something they want. It costs us so little. It is so cheap for us to give it, and it is so valuable, so highly prized by those who receive it. Kindness has only one rule, "Think of others." It is really the golden rule, for we know how we feel when some one thinks of us, says a kind word, does a kind action. "Kindness adds sweetness to everything," says again a holy man, and inward happiness almost always follows a kind action, and inward happiness is the atmosphere in which great things are done for God.—Guidon.

Rev. Father Cavanaugh.

The Rev. Father Cavanaugh, the new president of the University of Notre Dame, has been at the head of Holy Cross seminary since 1890 and is one of the most scholarly men in the Roman Catholic Church. He is thirty-five years old, was born at Leeton, O., was educated at the parish school in that town and at Notre Dame, to which he now comes as president, and was ordained in 1894. For the past twelve years he has been assistant editor of Ave Maria, is a well known lecturer and has been an industrious contributor to the current magazines.

As You Sow.

You reap what you sow—not something else, but that. An act of love makes the soul more loving. A deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundredfold. You have sown the seed of life; you reap life everlasting.

Sins of Omission.

How was it yesterday with you? Did you see one who needed help or comfort or relief or encouragement, and did you fail to do anything for him? Do not many of us need to pray with the good archbishop, "Lord, forgive my sins, especially my sins of omission."

SHORT SERMONS.

When we fancy that we have grown wiser, it is only in many instances that new prejudices have taken the place of old ones.

"To pray, to give, to suffer—these are the resolutions of my retreat," wrote an old man. "See how I can still be of a little use."

The best test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single handed, but whether he enters his house

and beneficent and his wife and children happy.

The pressure of the lake or river has behind every faucet of the city. No religion lies back of every duty, every obligation, every relation we sustain to God and man.

Ninth Week at the Catholic

Summer School
(Written for The Journal.)

Cliff Haven was again honored this week by the presence of a distinguished guest, this time a prince of high rank—His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Farley of New York City. His stay though brief was made pleasant for him by the warmth and cordiality of the reception which he received.

There has been considerable activity along intellectual lines this week. In addition to the regular lectures, there have been Reading Circles and Sunday school conferences that have been the means of stimulating some of the most interesting discussions heard of late at Cliff Haven.

In the morning course of lectures on The Philosophical Aspects of the Summer School, given by Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, Professor of Philosophy in St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, and First Vice President of the School, was given a remarkably fine analysis of the Catholic social ideal as it was to be found expressed in the writings of St. Francis in the poetry of Dante and in the Summer School. An eager and enthusiastic body of men and women followed this course.

Of rare artistic beauty were the stereopticon views illustrative of the life of Christ, presented by the Rev. P. J. MacCorry, C. S. P., during his entertaining evening lectures on The Gospel Narrative as illuminated by Christian Art. All of the slides were in coloring, done in two sizes after the original modern religious paintings by Mr. Joseph Hawlin of New York City. On account of their intrinsic beauty and rare workmanship they were received with intense delight.

An able discussion of the Catholic School question by the distinguished authority on Catholic education, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C. S. P., was one of the features of the week's intellectual program that called forth much favorable comment. Diversity of a pleasing nature was by the lecture-recital of Mr. W. F. Oliver of Brooklyn on James Whitcomb Riley. This was the first in a series of three to be given by Mr. Oliver. The other two are planned for Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week.

With Mr. Oliver's last recital on Tuesday evening the season of 1905 will be formally brought to a close. It has been a period of unbroken prosperity for the school, the attendance going up far into the thousands—way beyond that recorded at any previous session of the school.

As the season wanes, the social pleasures to soon be foregone, increase in intensity. Almost every evening during the past week has had its merry gathering that has successfully dispelled all the regrets that necessarily come toward the close of the season. Especially festive were the dances at the two popular centres of hospitality, the Champlain and the Jersey Clubs. Completing this round of pleasures were various receptions and informal assemblies at some of the smaller houses.

Although the attendance has gone somewhat below the thousand mark, there is every prospect of it keeping up well until about the middle of September. Cliff Haven in its autumn guise is so attractive that it will not be deserted for as yet awhile, by those who are endeared to it.

Last Excursion to Niagara Falls.

The R. W. & O. Division of the New York Central from Rochester to Niagara Falls has become known as the route of the beautiful scenery. The last excursion of the season to the Falls will occur Sunday, Sept. 3, the special train going via this route. A grand view of the surrounding country, including Canada, is obtained while the train is ascending the mountain near Lewiston, in fact the atmosphere is clear, the spires of Toronto, 40 miles distant, can be plainly seen, and a splendid view of Niagara River is also obtained, which, to say nothing of Niagara Falls, is alone worth the trip. Train will leave from Central Ave. Station at 8:15, Center St. 8:17, Brown St. 8:19 and will arrive at Niagara Falls at 10:15 a.m. One dollar round trip, and only 50c for day excursion.